

## BAXTER SPRINGS NEWS.

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BAXTER SPRINGS, - - KANSAS.

### THE INDEPENDENT FARMER.

How pleasant it seems to live on a farm,  
Where nature's so gradually dressed,  
And sit 'neath the shade of the old locust tree,  
As the sun is just sinking to rest;  
But not half so pleasant to hoe in the field  
Where the witch grass is six inches high,  
With the hot scorching sun pouring down on  
your back—  
Seems each moment as though you would  
die.

'Tis pleasant to sit in the cool porch door  
While you smoke, half-reclined at your ease,  
Looking out o'er your beautiful meadow of  
grass  
That sways to and fro in the breeze;  
But not quite so pleasant to start with your  
scythe  
E'er the morning sun smiles o'er the land,  
And work till your clothes are completely wet  
through,  
And blisters shall cover your hands.

In keeping a dairy there's surely delight,  
And it speaks of contentment and plenty,  
To see a large stable well filled with choice  
cows.

Say numbering from fifteen to twenty;  
And yet it seems hard when you've worked  
from the dawn  
Till the sun disappears from your sight,  
To think of the cows you have yet got to milk  
Before you retire for the night.

But, the task fairly over, you cheer up once  
more,  
And joyfully seek your repose,  
To dream of the cream-pots with luxury filled  
And the milk-pans in numberless rows;  
But the sweet dream is broken when early next  
day

You're politely requested to churn,  
And for three weary hours, with strength ebb-  
ing fast,  
The crank you despondingly turn.

But in raising young pigs there is truly a charm  
When they sell at the present high price;  
And of all the young stock which a farmer can  
raise

There's nothing that looks half so nice,  
How cheerful one feels as he leaves them at  
night,  
The encouraging lot of eleven,  
But his joy slightly wanes when he goes out  
next day  
And of five ones can count only seven.

But no one disputes that the farmer is blessed  
With true independence and labor,  
Whose food don't depend on the whims of man-  
kind.

Like that of his mercantile neighbor,  
For God in His mercy looks down from above  
And paternally gives him his bread,  
Provided he works eighteen hours every day  
And devotes only six to his bed.

—New England Homestead.

### McPHERSON'S WIDOW.

#### The Successful Consummation of a Friendly Mission.

"In short, say you've appointed your-  
self Mentor over me at once, and be  
done with it—hang it!"

Lakely glared at his companion.  
Bristed, immovable, went on smoking.  
A silence, fraught with explosive possi-  
bilities, ensued. Finally Bristed  
arose. He was somewhat the elder of  
the two, and he was saturnine and dark.  
"What are you going to do?" he de-  
manded.

"If you think I'm going to say—"  
"Then you go to the dickens by the  
shortest cut you can find!" was Bristed's  
ultimatum.

The next day Mrs. Lakely tearfully  
pressed him into an interview.

"I assure you that I have done my  
best to dissuade Horace," Bristed said.

"Oh, it is too dreadful!" moaned Lake-  
ly's mother, wringing her hands. "You  
have always been such good friends—  
room-mates and all—and young men will  
often listen to an older comrade's ad-  
vice and remonstrance, where a moth-  
er's, a sister's, are quite thrown away.  
Do use your influence, my dear Mr.  
Bristed, with my poor, benighted boy!  
Oh, it is too shocking that he should be  
thinking, for one instant even, of such  
a marriage!"

"I appreciate your position, you may  
be sure, my dear madam. It is a very  
trying one," murmured Bristed sym-  
pathetically.

"And it is so horrible, too, that there  
should be a question of bringing such a  
person into the family when there is a  
young girl," continued Mrs. Lakely,  
putting her handkerchief to her faded,  
pretty, ladylike little face.

Mrs. Lakely felt that this allusion to  
her daughter was a master-stroke of di-  
plomacy.

"Certainly, I can appreciate your  
feelings here more than ever," cried  
Bristed, warmly.

And a ray of comfort pierced through  
Mrs. Lakely's dolorous mists as it came  
over her that a man (of Hurlbert Bristed's  
"seriousness") never expressed  
himself so clearly unless he wished defi-  
nite inferences to be drawn. Then her  
attention deflected from her daughter's  
interests to the more imminent perils of  
her son, and she sighed again.

Thus urged, Bristed returned to the  
charge.

"In the name of Heaven, Lakely,  
don't make such a fool of yourself," he  
began, in the tone of a more tolerant  
persuasiveness.

"A fool of myself? By George! I  
think I've a good deal of patience to  
stand what I've stood from you for the  
last month, Bristed! If a fellow didn't  
feel sore about throwing over an old  
friend, by George—"

"All right, I understand your point of  
view," said Bristed, placidly. "It isn't  
agreeable to have warnings dinned into  
your ears when you want to rush head-  
long into the biggest folly of your life.  
But it's the friend's part to sound the  
warning, all the same, whether it's  
agreeable or not. You might think of

your mother and sister a little in this  
matter, too."

"What the deuce have they, or have  
you, or has any one, for the matter of  
that, to say against Mrs. McPherson,  
Bristed?" cried Lakely, starting up and  
confronting his friend, with his boyish  
features aflame and a kindling light in  
his blue eyes. "You say she's a little  
older than I—"

"Not a little; a good deal. She's older  
than I am—must be," interrupted  
Bristed.

"Well, and even if she were. What  
of it? What are a few years one way or  
the other?"

"A great deal when the few years are  
on the wrong side. But that isn't the  
worst feature. You needn't force me  
into saying things you wouldn't care to  
hear. But you know as well as I do that  
McPherson's widow has been talked  
about. Oh! unjustly, if you care to  
have it so! I'm not going into that  
question. But the old fellow didn't in-  
spire the greatest respect himself, and,  
at all events, a good many things were  
said of his pretty wife. Why, my dear  
fellow," continued Bristed, reasonably,  
and with the kindly influence in his  
fine voice and the softened expression  
in his strong features which had always  
had so much power over Horace Lake-  
ly's impulsively youthful temperament,  
"it's a preposterous thing, you losing  
your head and letting yourself in for  
this sort of thing! This woman is no  
wife for you—"

"You don't know her! You haven't  
even seen her," exclaimed Lakely,  
weakly.

"I have never seen her, that's a fact.  
But I know her, all the same. One al-  
ways knows a woman of that sort of  
caliber. They're very interesting to  
meet; very stimulating; very amusing;  
very fascinating. They have ten thou-  
sand arts. While their spell is on a  
man he thinks them any thing they  
choose to be thought. He believes any  
thing—every thing. Afterward he has  
an awakening; and it is very well for  
him if he hasn't to discover that he has  
bound himself, hand and foot, while he  
was under the charm. Flirt with an ad-  
venturess—for really, you know, a Mc-  
Pherson can scarcely be called any thing  
else—flirt with an adventuress as much  
as you like, my dear boy, if you feel sure  
enough of yourself; but be very careful  
to stop—a long way off of matrimony.  
That's what a wise man does, my boy."

Poor Lakely, with his elbows on his  
knees, and his hands supporting his  
head, sat staring at the figures of the  
carpet.

"Confound it! you always had wisdom  
enough to fit out an army, Bristed," he  
growled. "It's no effort for you to keep  
out of scrapes. You couldn't get into  
one if you tried. You're so deucedly  
cold-blooded."

When it dawned upon Mrs. Lakely  
that her son might unexpectedly be on  
the point of listening to reason, the  
poor lady's joy burst forth in touching  
gratitude to Horace's friend. But it  
was short-lived joy. At the end of a  
fortnight she came to Bristed, pale with  
agitation, and communicated the dire  
intelligence that Mrs. McPherson had  
appeared in person on the scene; that  
she was following Horace up.

"I suppose she feels that the boy has  
been slipping from her—odious person!"  
exclaimed Mrs. Lakely, waxing bitter  
in her righteous indignation. "It is  
too shocking, the vulgar forwardness of  
such people. I do not fancy that she  
really cares for Horace, you know. It  
is his money—that is what she wants to  
secure. She knows the boy has just  
come into his grandfather's property.  
And she is poor; they say, though she  
lives with an appearance of luxury, that  
she is absolutely impecunious. Her  
husband, it would seem, left her nothing  
whatever."

"I imagine there is no doubt about  
that," said Bristed.

And then Mrs. Lakely came to her  
point. Would Mr. Bristed go to this  
"person" and try to convince her that  
the family strenuously objected to the  
proposed marriage, and that every thing  
would be done to bring it to naught?  
Would he try to persuade her to give  
Horace up, to relinquish her hold of a  
young fellow—a mere boy—much her  
junior, who ought not to be thinking as  
yet of matrimony under any circum-  
stances? Would he appeal to her good  
feeling, if she had any? Would he—

"My dear Mrs. Lakely, any thing to  
oblige you, but I don't know—"

"Oh, don't say so," interrupted the  
poor lady. "I have such confidence in  
your ability to straighten matters out  
for us."

A day or two later this conversation  
resulted in a visit from Bristed to the  
hotel where Mrs. McPherson was tem-  
porarily registered.

It was not in this young man's nature  
to look forward with much relish to the  
interview. He felt that he had before  
him something extremely distasteful.  
It is even possible that he was inclined  
to take some credit to himself when he  
reflected upon the trouble he was at to  
oblige his friend's family and to keep  
the boy himself from a piece of folly he  
should spend the rest of his life in regret-  
ting. But in another way he accounted  
himself repaid for any thing he might  
do, even before it was done. For noth-  
ing could be sweeter or fairer or more  
charming than Cecilia Lakely, Horace's  
young sister. She was a mere school-  
girl, to be sure, but Hurlbert Bristed  
admired the type. An ingenious young  
girl was to him the most delightful  
thing in nature. And he smiled often  
as he took himself to Mrs. McPherson's  
hotel in remembrance of certain warm,  
shy glances which had fallen from those  
dove-like eyes these latter times since

he had been exerting himself so much  
in her brother's behalf. In helping  
Horace he was really wooing in the  
surest way, if indirectly, the elusive  
flower of this young creature's love.

He was still thinking of Cecilia as he  
sat waiting for Mrs. McPherson to ap-  
pear. He was, indeed, so much en-  
grossed in his reveries that he looked  
up only when the lady he had come to  
see stood close in front of him. She  
had entered softly by a door at the side  
of him. As he rose a little confusedly  
she covered him suddenly with a won-  
derful smile.

It was the perfection of a smile. It  
was brilliant, it was appealing, it was  
arch, it was even a little sad.

The young widow—it was impossible  
not to think of her as younger than she  
was—stood there an instant and then  
sunk in a chair opposite her visitor. She  
begged him to resume his seat. She  
seemed to wait, still with that unusual,  
that almost harmonious smile, for him  
to begin. From her presence, at once  
assured and unobtrusive, animated and  
reposeful, from her delicate toilet, there  
emanated an aroma, as it were, which  
flattered all the senses.

"I believe you are Horace Lakely's  
great friend," said this gracious crea-  
ture, in a well-modulated voice. If the  
modulations were somewhat artificial,  
if it were possible to surmise that the  
natural tones of the voice did not al-  
ways betray the same refinement of  
culture, it so happened that Hurlbert  
Bristed (albeit he had the reputation of  
noticing every thing) did not observe  
the fact.

The next day Mrs. Lakely awaited  
Bristed's promised visit with eager im-  
patience. Cecilia, looking very lovely in  
a white dress (Bristed had once re-  
marked that she should always wear  
white—it was becoming to her), was sit-  
ting with her mother, and shot an ex-  
pressive glance at the door when it  
opened.

"Well, Mr. Bristed, well," demanded  
Mrs. Lakely, "have you good news for  
me? Will she go away and leave my  
boy in peace?"

Cecilia, who had risen and remained  
standing, in a certain hesitancy, left the  
room.

"I don't know that I can tell you any  
thing very definite, my dear madam,"  
observed Bristed somewhat slowly.

"Oh, what do you mean? I hope the  
wretched person does not refuse to  
loosen her hold of Horace?" cried Mrs.  
Lakely.

"No, no. It is not that—not at all.  
Reassure yourself. Only—" Bristed in-  
terrupted himself. He began again:  
"Imagine she will, as you express it,  
loosen her hold of Horace. Yes—but I  
wished to ask you—ahem!"

If it had been possible to fancy such a  
thing of the self-assured, graceful, lofty  
Bristed, Mrs. Lakely would have fan-  
cied that he looked embarrassed. She  
stared at him when he continued:

"Have you any definite reason for  
supposing that Mrs. McPherson really  
intended to marry Horace?"

"Really intended to marry him?"  
echoed Mrs. Lakely. "Why, nothing  
could be more evident! I thought we  
were agreed on that point, Mr. Bristed."

"On Horace's being most anxious to  
marry Mrs. McPherson—yes," amend-  
ed Bristed. "But I do not—I am not  
sure—"

"Do you mean," interjected the poor  
lady, holding herself very straight, her  
mien, in its outraged maternal pride,  
becoming almost majestic, "that Mrs.  
McPherson is playing fast and loose  
with my son? That she would reject  
him at the last moment?"

That Horace Lakely should marry  
such a person as McPherson's widow  
was horrible enough. But, that being  
so inclined, Mrs. Lakely's darling, her  
eldest born, her handsome, privileged  
son, should be subjected to the indignity  
of a refusal from such a source, surely  
that was almost more terrible still.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Lakely, please do  
not imagine I would insinuate such  
a thing," exclaimed Bristed, rather  
lamely.

He was tugging at his mustache, and  
Mrs. Lakely was obliged to acknowledge  
that he was certainly ill at ease.

"I hope you will let me know what  
progress you make," she insisted, feel-  
ing vaguely helpless.

"I will, of course," said Bristed, get-  
ting to his feet.

He seemed relieved in some way that  
the interview should be at an end. He  
departed with so much precipitancy  
that he forgot to leave his respects for  
Cecilia.

Altogether Mrs. Lakely could not  
make it out. She sighed, and concluded  
that men were very queer. She heard  
indirectly once or twice during the en-  
suing few weeks that Hurlbert Bristed  
had been seen with Mrs. McPherson,  
who still remained in town.

According to the combined entreaties  
of the entire family, Horace Lakely had  
finally consented to flee the temptress  
who had pursued him, and he was away  
from home.

"If I ever live down this feeling," the  
young man wrote at about this time to  
his friend, "I shall have you, I suppose,  
to thank for having urged me back into  
the path of wisdom. But I can tell you  
it is hard—desperately hard—staying  
away and listening to advice. I can't  
forget her, Bristed! You're such a cool,  
reasonable fellow yourself that you won't  
be able to understand that my whole  
life seems to have bound itself  
about this woman."

There was a tone throughout the let-  
ter which testified that Horace Lakely  
was still a good deal of a boy. It was  
somewhat of a consolation for Hurlbert  
Bristed to think that it was so. At  
least it made it somewhat easier for

him to write, in answer to that letter, a  
short time later:

"I think it right, without further de-  
lay, to convey to you a piece of news  
which may probably surprise you. I  
don't know that any explanation would  
simplify matters. Mrs. McPherson and  
I are to be married next month"—  
Chicago News.

### RACING BULLOCKS.

They Are Speedy But Can't Be Taught to  
Run in Straight Lines.

In India the favorite animals, both  
for speed and endurance, are the native  
bullocks. The animals are small, wiry,  
muscular and swift. They are trained  
to race and run well, not only under  
the saddle, but in harness. The Indi-  
ans are fond of racing their beasts, and  
the sport is encouraged by the English  
part of the population.

The animal is guided by a cord  
through the nose, but the driver places  
more reliance on whip and voice than  
on the cord. The Indians are natural  
gamblers, and will bet their last rupee on  
the result of a race, taking so much in-  
terest in it that a penniless native has  
been known to wager his liberty and  
that of his family for an entire year and  
sell himself into voluntary slavery as the  
result of losing a bet. The races are  
frequently attended by serious acci-  
dents, from the fact that, although  
the bullocks may be trained to great  
swiftness, it seems almost impossible to  
teach them to run in a straight line.  
They will bunch together, and thus  
frequently smash one or more of the  
vehicles.

Exciting as are the bullock races  
when the beasts are harnessed and  
driven by native drivers, they are far  
more so when the bullocks are ridden  
by European soldiers or sailors. The  
chief danger in a race of this descrip-  
tion lies in the falls which are almost an  
inevitable result of an attempt to ride  
these awkward animals. — London  
Times.

### ABOUT BIRDS' NESTS.

A Generally Accepted Theory Corrected  
by a Noted Naturalist.

The Talker does not think that all the  
things which the lower order of ani-  
mals does can be explained by what is  
generally called their "instinct." Con-  
sequently, he is in full sympathy with  
the following, by A. R. Wallace: "It is  
said that birds do not learn to make  
their nests, as man does to build, for all  
birds will make exactly the same nest  
as the rest of their species, even if they  
have never seen one, and it is instinct  
alone that can enable them to do this.  
No doubt this would be instinct if it  
were true, and I simply ask for proof of  
the fact. This point, although so im-  
portant to the question at issue, is al-  
ways assumed without proof, and even  
against proof, for what facts there are  
are opposed to it. Birds brought up  
from the egg in cages do not make the  
characteristic nest of their species, even  
though the proper materials are sup-  
plied them, and often make no nest at  
all, but rudely heap together a quan-  
tity of materials; and the experiment  
has never been fairly tried of turning  
out a pair of birds, so brought up, in an  
inclosure covered with netting and  
watching the result of their untaught  
attempts at nest-making. With regard  
to the song of birds, however, which is  
thought to be equally instinctive, the  
experiment has been tried, and it is  
found that young birds never have the  
song peculiar to their species if they  
have not heard it, whereas, they acquire  
very easily the song of almost any other  
bird with which they are associated."  
—Christian at Work.

### Electricity in Agriculture.

It appears from the results of a series  
of experiments recently undertaken in  
Russia by N. Spence that electricity  
may eventually be made to play a promi-  
nent part in agriculture. These experi-  
ments, which extended over five years,  
showed that by submitting different  
seeds to the action of an electric cur-  
rent their development is rendered  
more rapid and complete. The seeds of  
haricot beans, sunflowers, winter and  
spring rye were used. A second series  
of experiments was made with pot  
herbs and flowering plants at Kief. The  
influence of the electrical treatment  
was shown by a larger crop and by the  
growth of vegetables of enormous di-  
mensions. In a third series of experi-  
ments electricity on a large scale was  
applied, static electricity being used in-  
stead of current electricity. The results  
were quickened ripening and larger  
growth. Barley ripened twelve days  
sooner with electro-culture. Potatoes  
treated in the same way seldom showed  
disease, only 0 to 5 per cent. being bad,  
instead of 10 to 40, which is the usual  
per centage. An important factor in  
this treatment is that vines which have  
been subjected to it possess immunity  
from phylloxera, and this points to a  
new means of combating the micro-  
scopic diseases which attack vegetable  
growth. It is suggested as a weapon  
with which to fight the potato bug and  
the army worm. The cost of the pro-  
cess is comparatively small. — Chicago  
News.

"—You'd better go out and get that  
piece of ice on your door-step," re-  
marked a perfectly immense party to  
the lady of the house; "it is so small I  
am really afraid it can not take care of  
itself." "And who are you?" asked the  
lady of the very familiar intruder.  
"Oh!" was the impudent reply, "don't  
worry about me. I'm the price." —  
Washington Star.

—A sea lion was captured in the  
streets of Suisun, Cal., recently.

### CENTRAL AMERICA'S TEMPEST

Attempt to Assassinate the President of  
Guatemala—Salvadoran Methodists.

NEW YORK, July 29.—A special to the  
Herald from Guatemala via La Libertad  
says an attempt was made Sunday night  
to assassinate President Barrillas, of  
Guatemala, by a native Indian who was  
found concealed in Barrillas' bed room  
armed with a machette and a revolver.  
The President was with a number of  
guests in his parlor when he was rushed  
upon by the Indian, whose name is  
Xaching Tubasq. With his long knife  
or machette the Indian attempted to cut  
Barrillas to the ground. The President



eluded the blow, drew his revolver, kept  
his man at bay and shouted for his  
aides de camp. Three rushed in and  
seized and disarmed the Indian, who  
was marched off to prison, and  
placed incommunicado, or in solitary  
confinement. The Indian confessed  
that he had been employed by the Con-  
servatives to do the deed. He gave the  
names of Antonio Valenzuela, Dr. Pedro  
Molina Floris and Jose Diaz Duran,  
a lawyer, as the principals in the affair  
with whom he treated. He said that  
Duran had sworn to take the life of  
Barrillas because the latter had exiled  
Duran's brother and had ruined him.

### SALVADORIANS ENTHUSIASTIC.

CITY OF MEXICO, July 29.—A dispatch  
from La Libertad says that the censor-  
ship of San Salvador over telegrams only  
refers to the Guatemalan Government  
and that other dispatches are allowed a  
free course.

There is the greatest enthusiasm  
among the Salvadorians. General Rivas,  
with 6,000 Indians from Cojutepeque,  
has reinforced Ezeta's army. There are  
rumors of another defeat of the Guate-  
malans who are still retreating. The  
Salvadorians are advancing.

### THE ARGENTINE REVOLT.

Revered Fighting and slaughter at Buenos  
Ayres—Vigorous Assault on the Insur-  
gents—The City Bombed.

LONDON, July 29.—The Times has the  
following from Buenos Ayres, dated  
July 27: Noon—Fighting began yester-  
day at dawn and ceased at dark, both  
sides maintaining their positions. Cel-  
man's police and cavalry suffered ter-  
ribly in attacking the Civics and  
troops. The Provisionals were in-  
trenched in the artillery barracks. The  
city during the night was like a city of  
the dead, but behind their shutters the  
citizens were on the alert, armed with  
rifles. After nightfall the Civics ad-  
vanced two blocks. The Provisionals  
reopened a heavy military fire at dawn  
to-day on troops under Vice-President  
Pelligrini.

A terrible mistake occurred during the  
fighting. The Eleventh regiment sud-  
denly turning in favor of the Provisional  
Government, approached the artillery  
and before they could make their friend-  
ly intentions known to the insurgents  
they were mowed down within a narrow  
street.

The Minister of War was wounded  
and the Minister of Finance was taken  
prisoner. Colonel Marmendia, Major  
Campos and many other officers were  
killed and the commander of the foe-  
men was shot by his own men.

A short armistice was held at noon  
and an effort was made to stop the  
butchery. The armistice lasted one  
hour. At one o'clock the ships began  
firing on the Government House, Pelle-  
grini having refused to accept the terms  
of the Provisional Government. The  
Civics Union seized twenty tug-boats  
and the gunboats Chacabuca, Mespu,  
Cannonade and Retiro. The British  
gunboats Beagle and Bramble have ar-  
rived to protect the English inhabi-  
tants.

Three p. m.—The whole navy has de-  
clared in favor of the Provisional Govern-  
ment. The Patagonia is bombarding the  
Government House and the Parana is  
shelling President Celman's residence.  
Gunboats command the railways from  
the North.

### STEAMERS IN COLLISION.

A Large Number of Excursionists Killed  
and Injured Near Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Md., July 29.—The ex-  
cursion steamer Louise and Bay line  
steamer Virginia were in collision last  
night near Fort Carroll, and four people  
are known to have been killed and  
about seventy-five injured more or less.

Many believe that a number were  
drowned and just how many lives lost  
can not be positively determined. The  
known dead are:

Mrs. Mahlia Marshall, Charles  
Grenser, Daniel Kopp, Mrs. Howard  
Kaiser.

There are seven missing—they may  
have jumped or been thrown overboard.

Twelve persons have been taken to  
the hospital in a badly injured condi-  
tion.

The Virginia struck the Louise on the  
starboard side, cutting away the outer  
woodwork and crashing into the saloon.